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Mourning Comes

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Mourning Comes

Alex Berg

Morning comes.
Sunlight shoots through cracks in the doorway.
Beaming hard the love of two.

The door is opened.
They are fully engulfed in the sunlight.
The warmth is like nothing they have ever felt.

Together they run.
Hands clenched,
They promise to battle what may stand in the way.

Reaching the afternoon,
With the sun at its greatest height.
It brings gifts.

Three flowers bloom,
Each showing a different color.
They can feel the rays of gold.

Without warning,
Time finds the fast lane
And rolls into the night.

The promise is ignored.
Hands separate,
And the two walk alone.

The sunlight starts to dim.
Dark, grey clouds surround the once warm love.
The sun is pushed lower, and the night is born.

The flowers can't get any light.
The love of two has been blackened.
Mourning comes.